I ſee as in a mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated, and domeſtike broiles
Cleane ouerblowne, themſelues the conquerours,
Make warre vpon themſelues, blood againſt blood,
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuarie.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gracious Ladie go,
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace,
The ſeale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the ſanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets ſound. Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne,
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No vncle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But lookt not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.

Prin.

Pri. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. M. God bleſſe your grace, with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings, that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. (*Enter L. Haſt.*
Buck. And in good time, here comes the ſweating Lord.
Pri. Welcome my Lord: what will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken ſanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lo. Cardinall, will your grace
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, Lo. Haſtings go with him,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed ſanctuarie, not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo deepe a ſinne.
Buc. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lo.
Too ceremonious and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this age
You breake not ſanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued that place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.